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# DOWN IN VERSE



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## Bowdoin Verse



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# HOWBOIN MEPSH

A COLLECTION OF POEMS COMPOSED BY  
STUDENTS AND FACULTY OF THE  
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA  
AT HOWBOIN MEPSH  
DURING THE YEAR

JOHN LAIR MINOR

THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

AMERICAN



# BOWDOIN VERSE

A COLLECTION OF POEMS CONTRIBUTED  
BY STUDENTS AND ALUMNI TO THE  
UNDERGRADUATE PUBLICATIONS  
OF BOWDOIN WITHIN THE  
PAST FIFTEEN YEARS

Selected and Published by  
**JOHN CLAIR MINOT**  
OF THE CLASS OF 1896

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## Introduction

**T**HIS little volume contains a few more than one hundred poems which have appeared within the past fifteen years in the undergraduate publications of Bowdoin College, some of them contributed by alumni but most of them written by those who were at the time students at the college. Nearly all of them are in serious vein, contrary perhaps to the popular conception of what is most common in college verse. In selecting them it has been the aim to take not only those which seemed of exceptional merit, but also particularly those in which the theme was the college or some phase of college life.

There are in the collection a number of poems by alumni of recognized literary ability — Isaac Bassett Choate '62, Professor Chapman '66, Judge Webster '67, Professor Johnson '74, and Arlo Bates '76 — but it should be understood that in each instance these, as well as all other poems in the volume, have been especially contributed to the undergraduate publications in recent years and that they have not

appeared elsewhere. It may be that as the verses of some of the younger contributors are read the opinion will be expressed that the fires of poetic genius have burned very low on Bowdoin's campus since the time when Longfellow gained his early inspiration beneath its whispering pines. Be that as it may, it is hoped the reader will find even in the work of these younger writers an occasional touch of genuine poetry. It will not be denied that much of their verse is graceful; nor does it lack honesty, that prime essential of all sound art.

That several of my own productions are included in the following pages is something for which I pray to be forgiven. Their appearance here may be regarded as a concession to the memory of the time when I contributed many such to the *Orient* in the years before the *Quill* came into existence. I wish to express my warm appreciation of the encouragement and kind suggestions given me by Professor Chapman.

J. C. M.

AUGUSTA, MAINE.

March 1, 1907.

*C*OME, read to me some poem,  
Some simple and heartfelt lay,  
That shall soothe this restless feeling  
And banish the thoughts of day.

*Not from the grand old masters,  
Not from the bards sublime,  
Whose distant footsteps echo  
Through the corridors of Time.*

*For, like strains of martial music,  
Their mighty thoughts suggest  
Life's endless toil and endeavor;  
And to-night I long for rest.*

*Read from some humbler poet,  
Whose songs gushed from his heart,  
As showers from the clouds of summer  
Or tears from the eyelids start.*

*Longfellow, '25*





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# Bowdoin Verse



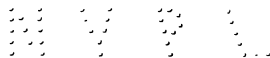
## THE GARDEN OF MEMORY

**S**O far away it lieth, where  
No human footsteps fall,  
And ivy dark with myrtle creeps  
Over its mouldering wall.

Within, a fountain softly weeps  
For faded summer skies,  
And on the mossy marble steps  
A broken pitcher lies.

Amidst the fragrant leaf-clad trees  
The flickering sunbeams glow,  
And bear deep-hidden in their warmth  
The smiles of long ago.

Daisies and buttercups, that once  
Filled childish arms at play,  
Are blooming there, and near them reigns  
The rose of yesterday.



And youth's long-faded daffodils  
Yet nod in favored spots,  
While 'neath the lilac's shade there grow  
The blue forget-me-nots.

There gently falls at eventide  
The dew of long-shed tears,  
And in the shadowy, grass-grown paths  
There walk the vanished years.

HARVEY WATERMAN THAYER, '95

## A BOWDOIN WINTER NIGHT

**L**ADEN with the snow  
Fallen since the noon,  
Illumined by the glow  
Of the winter moon,  
The leafless trees o'erflow  
With the blossom-light of June.

The paths are garden bowers ;  
Each hall a palace rare.  
The chapel flecked with flowers,  
Kneeling, soft-robed and fair,  
Lifts its white twin-towers  
Like hands upraised in prayer.

CHARLES POOLE CLEAVES, '05



## OLD BOWDOIN

**A** TITLE of honor, a glorious name,  
You've heard the world speak it, "Old Bowdoin."  
But what do we care for the glory and fame —  
They are not the half of old Bowdoin !  
The heart is piled high with memories sweet  
Of hope-haunted halls where the centuries meet,  
Of life that is reckoned in hours too fleet —  
And that's what we mean by old Bowdoin.

There's never a wind that could sigh in her pines;  
For who could be sad at old Bowdoin ?  
Forever the day on her twin spires shines ;  
Light never could fail at old Bowdoin.

O, sons of our Mother, a garland prepare,  
A chaplet of laurel and palm let her wear !  
Then, too, let the vine and the cedar be there,  
For gladness and life to old Bowdoin !

Then whether you drink, let it stiffen your heart  
To a sturdier joy in old Bowdoin,  
And whether you smoke, let its fragrance impart  
To the fancies of love and old Bowdoin.

And whether you stand with the low or the high,  
And whether you live, yea, and whether you die,  
Forever and ever re-echo the cry—  
All hail, Alma Mater, old Bowdoin!

CLARENCE WEBSTER PEABODY, '93

## FAILURE

**R**ECKON thy gains by failure, since success  
May measure but attempt too low to fail,  
In that which is of earth may might avail ;  
He who would grasp the stars works guerdonless.  
The gods and heroes wrought with mighty stress,  
And of the end sad muses chant the tale ;  
Their loss and passion moan in every gale,—  
They can but fail who fight for perfectness.

Yet of the soul's endeavor be the test  
Not what is won, but what it is in sooth ;  
That verity divine within the breast  
Failure's ennobling mark commends to ruth  
Of little minds, too blind to know the best.  
Who has not failed, he has not fought for truth !

ARLO BATES, '76

## THE SEXTON

A FAIR and strapping youth was he,  
I met him by the gate,  
With spade full long and strong he toiled  
And toiled till it was late.

I watched him for a little space,  
I wondered at the scene;  
The sun lit up the quiet stones,  
Long shadows streaked the green.

"And how fare all your dead to-day?"  
I asked, nor asked in vain.  
"In truth, sir, they make no complaints" —  
I turned me down the lane.

KENNETH C. M. SILLS, '01

## THE OLD ROOM

'T IS an old and faded picture of a room in Appleton,  
And it thrills my heart to see it with a pleasure that  
is pain ;  
And I forget the changes of the years that hurry on,  
And find myself at Bowdoin in that old room again.  
The desk is in the corner with the bookcase standing  
near,  
And the window with the little panes is open to the  
west ;  
And, sitting there beside them with the pose of Junior  
year,  
I see an idle student, in cap and sweater dressed.  
Some half a dozen pictures keep the desk from being  
bare,  
And half a dozen others are tacked upon the wall ;  
And all are maidens' pictures and all of them are fair,  
And the happy Bowdoin Junior is sure he loves them  
all.  
The open grate looks cheerful, but the fire is surely out,  
'Twas a trick it often played us, though my roommate  
was to blame.

Those signs upon the mantel were swiped, beyond a  
doubt ;

Some college fashions alter, but this is still the same.

That little piece of bell-rope was taken Freshman year ;  
That strip of rival banner was a Sophomoric gain ;  
That horn was in the concert — alas ! the tale we hear,  
Of all the good old customs they won't let one remain.

There are books upon the table and piled up in the case ;  
And some, 'tis plain to notice, are scattered on the  
floor ;

Not all are learned volumes, as should be in such place,  
A few, no doubt, are "horses," and the Junior yearns  
for more.

The delegation picture is hanging plain and high,  
With the dear old class beside it — where are those  
boys to-day ?

Diverging wide and wider their various pathways lie,  
But a common bond unites them that will not wear  
away.

'Tis an old and faded picture of a room in Appleton,  
And it thrills my heart to see it with a pleasure that is  
pain ;

For Time has wrought his changes and the dear old  
room is gone,  
And, like the days passed in it, cannot be mine again.

And so the eye gets misty, while the Junior in his chair  
Sits dreaming o'er those happy dreams that long ago  
were mine.

I seem to feel the campus breeze that stirs the curtain  
there,

And o'er my soul comes stealing the perfume of the  
pine.

JOHN CLAIR MINOT, '96

## GO, HEART

**G**O, Heart, when wakes with morning bright  
A world to conscious being !  
Go, Heart, and share that world's delight  
To watch the shadows fleeing !  
Behold with rapture-flooded eyes  
The sun in gorgeous splendor rise  
Into the glory of the skies ; —  
Dear Heart, be glad with seeing !  
  
Go, Heart, when thrushes call elate  
At royal day's appearing !  
Go, Heart, when veery sings his mate  
In simple notes endearing !  
List how the woods about us ring  
With songs these happy minstrels sing —  
What joy the beams of morning bring !  
Dear Heart, be glad with hearing !

ISAAC BASSETT CHOATE, '62



## TO-MORROW

**H**ER face is fair  
As summer skies when loved ones press  
Our hands ; the whole world's loveliness  
Is gathered there.

Her voice is low  
And sweet — the echo far away  
Of song-birds' strains at break of day  
And brooklet's flow.

Though oft we hear  
The rustling of her robes, and seem  
To feel, beneath the dawn-star's beam,  
Her presence near,

Though with us long  
And leading on with hope's swift pace,  
No man has ever seen her face,  
Or heard her song.

HARVEY WATERMAN THAYER, '95

## THE HERMIT THRUSH

**D**EEP in the woods where once I strolled alone,  
I heard a song that seemed at first divine,  
So clear and true did note with note combine,  
So far ethereal was its magic tone.  
But when I looked to see the sweet unknown,  
The singer ceased his lay. No search of mine  
Could find a trace of him, save 'neath a pine  
The nest whence he and his shy mate had flown.

Ah me! How many noble souls there are  
Whom, richly song-endowed, the world knows not;  
Who flee and hide from public gaze afar  
To sing scarce heeded save by God! Their lot  
Too happy for ambitious hopes to mar;—  
And, singing, brighten some dark, lonely spot.

FREDERICK CROSBY LEE, 1900

## A NIGHT IN JUNE

'T IS night upon the campus and o'er all  
The full round moon sheds down its mellow light ;  
It softly silvers gray Memorial Hall,  
And where the weirdly silent moonbeams fall  
Each elm stands forth a specter of the night.  
I wander on the campus paths once more,  
And here and there steals through a window-pane,  
Where studious someone cons to-morrow's task  
A lamplight gleam from Appleton or Maine.  
The lamp-glow mingles softly with the moon —  
Oh blessed night of summer-breathing June !  
Hark ! Falls upon the ear a burst of song,  
The vagrant snatches of a half-caught strain,  
The clink of glasses floats the air along  
And brings our college memories back again.  
Oh ! music blessed to the longing ear,  
The clink of friendship's glass that brings the tear !  
Oh ! music blessed to the listening heart,  
The voice of friends whom time has forced apart !

HENRY HILL, PIERCE, '96

## HAWTHORNE

**H**IS boyhood breathed the silence of the hills,  
And of the woods a certain shyness caught ;  
Under the lingering spell of these he wrought  
Through all his youth ; a cloistered fancy fills  
With charm the tales told twice, — as unseen rills  
Make music in a meadow ; when he sought  
More openly the ways of men, he brought  
To them a tale whose pathos stirs and stills.  
The tragedy that hides from human ken,  
The shame whose outward brand is felt within,  
The Spirit's path with shadows overcast, —  
Of these he wrote, as with a prophet's pen ;  
He seemed a stranger to the world's fierce din,  
Walking with shadowy figures of the past.

HENRY LELAND CHAPMAN, '66

## LOST JEWELS

**A**N empty casket, poor and dim  
With rust of bygone days,  
Yet, from beneath that battered rim,  
What jewels used to blaze.

For emerald bright as was the green  
Which smiled to summer skies,  
And pearls as lustrous as the sheen  
Of laughter-laden eyes,

And rubies like the hues of health  
On youth's fair cheek that shine,  
And diamonds radiant as the wealth  
Of new-born love were mine.

But while I fought from sun to sun  
In life's bewildering fray,  
A robber came, and one by one  
He bore my gems away.

O Time, you thief, restore the spoil  
Which once I held in fee :  
He heeds me not, nor tears nor toil  
Can win it back to me.

HENRY SEWALL WEBSTER, '67

## THE MASQUERADE

*THE wintry winds blow wild without,  
But in the hall 'tis all alight ;  
'Tis mirth and music all about :  
We hold our masquerade to-night.*

The music rang in prelude sweet ;  
And Bo-Peep with her shepherd's crook,  
The gallant Mephistopheles,  
Low bowing, as his partner took  
And led the march adown the hall ;  
While lads and lassies, two and two,  
Around, about, and in and out,  
The circling figure followed through.

*What though the winds blow wild without ?  
Within the hall 'tis all alight ;  
'Tis mirth and music all about :  
We hold our masquerade to-night.*

The student grave in gown of black,  
The Gipsy girl with tambourine,  
The farmer with his carpet-bag,  
The Grecian maiden, here are seen.

Sir Walter Raleigh passes by ;  
The Mexic girl, with hair of brown ;  
The fair illusion " Marjory Daw ; "  
The pop-corn girl ; the nimble clown.

'Tis March and Circle, Lancers gay,  
The dreamy Waltz, the Polka's glide,  
And " Tucker " with its romp and rout,  
Or Schottische with its trip and slide ;  
The Portland Fancy's merry whirl,  
The Waltz again, or Two-Step light.  
'Tis mirth and music all about.  
We hold our masquerade to-night.

And figures fair and figures brave  
Flit through the gay enchanted scene :  
Quaint Mother Goose in scarlet gown,  
The guardsmen with their gallant mein,  
The wood-nymph and the flower-girl,  
The major with mustaches gray,  
" Old Uncle S., " in starry vest,  
The Georgian, and the jester gay.

*What though the winds blow wild without ?  
Within the hall 'tis all alight ;  
'Tis mirth and music all about :  
We hold our masquerade to-night.*

The witching hours wane too soon,  
The music dies with lingering strain,  
The dancers leave the world of dreams  
To live the world of life again.  
Oh, many a wintry wind has blown,  
And many a masker far has strayed,  
But still, mid memories sweet, we own  
The glamor of that masquerade.

ARTHUR HUNTINGTON NASON, '99



## SONNET

I LOOKED into the face of Death and saw  
No sorrow in the eyes, no sullen mood,  
But only passive waiting as he stood  
Beside me as I wrought in life my law.  
Tell the old lie of you and stand in awe  
Of a mere nothing, neither bad nor good?  
I breathe one living breath, and head and hood,  
Gray mantle, all, melts into air. Then pshaw  
On idle versing of the idle theme!  
But who can say that truth may not be hid  
In this for you, whom ages made to scan  
This line and pass, I pray, no more to dream  
Mere dying into some dread shape, but bid  
All hail, O Future, as becomes a man.

HENRY JOHNSON, '74

## BESIDE MY GRATE

**B**ESIDE my grate is peace and rest ;  
I close my book ; the hour is late ;  
Of all the world this spot is best,  
Beside my grate.

The March wind rattles at the gate,  
And brings the storm, unwelcome guest ;  
The rain comes with increasing rate.

God pity those to-night in quest  
Of warmth and light refused by fate ;  
And let thanksgiving fill my breast,  
Beside my grate.

JOHN CLAIR MINOT, '96

## ANTEROS

**A**NTEROS is my name,  
The god of passion I.  
I lift men to the sky ;  
Then drop them down to shame  
And leave them there to die.

With songs of soft desire  
I tempt the young and old —  
The timid and the bold —  
I touch their hearts with fire,  
Then leave them dead and cold.

My kisses strong as wine  
Are sweet as roses' breath,  
But stab with pain beneath,  
And though all life is mine  
To give, — my gift is death.

PAUL HUSSEY POWERS, '08

## PENELOPE

**I** SEE her sitting in the morning sun  
That makes a halo of her golden hair,  
And lights with longing fires the eyes so fair,  
Grown dim with watching for the lingering one.

The sails are gleaming on the shining sea,  
The roving waves are laughing at her feet,  
And far away she hears, so faint and sweet,  
The rowers singing in their morning glee.

The sea-birds wheel and circle o'er the tide  
With swift and gleaming wings their distant flight.  
And yet no message bring they from the height  
That folds the wanderer from his loved one's side.

Her hands are weary and her heart is sad.  
She weaves in vain the fated web that seems  
A burial shroud to her, and longing dreams  
Of him whose face alone would make her glad.

Far in the spring-time of the earth, apart  
She stands, cloud-wrapped in mythic mists, and yet  
Through all the years the world cannot forget  
The loving sorrows of one faithful heart.

HARVEY WATERMAN THAYER, '95

## A NOTE FOR A NOSEGAY

**H**ERE are bonnie flowers,  
Plucked for you to-day,  
Born of April showers  
In the month of May.  
In the sward they nestled,  
Close to Mother Earth ;  
With the breeze they wrestled  
From their day of birth.  
Frail they are and tender,  
Yet the wilful wind  
From their stemlets slender  
Could not them unbind.  
Vain each bonny blossom,  
Pink and white and blue,  
Strove to play the 'possum,  
Hiding from my view.  
For, where'er I wander,  
What's alike to thee,  
Deeply though I ponder,  
Ne'er escapeth me.

Put them in your chamber  
For a day or two.  
Would that you'd remember  
Who remembered you !

Plucked the bonnie flowers  
Sent to you to-day,  
Born of April showers  
In the month of May.

JAMES PLAISTED WEBBER, 1900

## CARMEN SECULARE

THESE voices, the familiar solemn two,  
Have pierced the distance of the centuries  
through—

Here still the river and the pine remain.  
Along the earth and air, and far around,  
There steals an age-long music in the sound  
With which they break the silence of the plain.

Ah, who can find the one eternal rhyme  
Which runs through all things to the end of time—

The Song of Ages, filling day and night?  
If faith be silent, or of little worth,  
Which one of all the voices upon earth  
Can sing the mystery of the years aright?

The Fates would sing it to their spindles, when  
The threads ran golden in the lives of men;

The cold Fates, faltering at their task, are gone;  
Chance tried it, but her heart died in the vast;  
All things return to one sure voice at last, —  
Faith sang in the beginning, and sings on :

“River and pine, earth and the turning spheres,  
Life, knowledge, power, the history of the years,  
    Peace, and invention, and war’s fearful din, —  
One law holds all ; for even the wrath of man  
Is overruled and fitted to the plan  
    To bring at last the happy ages in.

O, time is not from stone to bronze and gold,  
Then round again, in wearying cycles rolled ;  
    The course runs onward ever to one goal,  
Which glimmers like a star upon the height ;  
Thither, directed by the silent might  
    Of an eternal purpose, moves the Whole.”

And thus, as ever adding to the strain,  
’Twas faith that set this college in the plain,  
    And blessed it, on a far-off summer day.  
One stopped to slip an acorn in the ground,  
“That both may grow together and abound,”  
    He said, and with the others went his way.

Thou, Bowdoin, with thy oak tree, hast grown  
    strong,  
Put forth great arms, and been the home of song ;  
    A tree of life and knowledge hast thou stood  
Voicing the heavenly whispers ; and there flames  
Thy Golden Branch of world-renowned names  
    Conspicuous in the shadow of the wood.



Mother of men, thy children greet thee now,  
The glory of one century on thy brow,  
The fresh light of another in thy eyes, —  
They proudly greet thee, and the whole land hears :  
Live on, lead on, in the new hundred years,  
A mightier voice where still the true way lies !

SAMUEL VALENTINE COLE, '74

## TO-MORROW IS ANOTHER DAY

OVER mossy stone and mound  
Where the amaranth is found, —  
From the footsteps not a sound —  
Slowly shadows creep around,  
And Love sings, "Will Sorrow —  
Will Sorrow here forever stay?"  
And Hope sings, "To-morrow —  
To-morrow is another day."

Life is checquered, hopes and fears  
Alternate as smiles and tears,  
Through the rain the sun appears,  
And from time to time one hears  
How Love sings, "Will Sorrow —  
Will Sorrow here forever stay?"  
And Hope sings, "To-morrow —  
To-morrow is another day."

ISAAC BASSETT CHOATE, '62

## THE PINES

**T**HIS is the song the pine trees sing,  
As the days and the weeks and the months go by,  
And the south wind bears their words away  
To the city's crush, to the white-capped bay ;  
And the north wind sweeps their words away  
O'er the frozen wastes of the northern way,  
Where cold lights flash in the cold, clear sky.

"We are the lords of the silent wood,  
Beneath our limbs the tree-tops sway,  
Our hands stretch up to the changing sky,  
While we whisper sweet when west winds sigh,  
While we wail in grief when storm-winds fly,  
When the storm-king comes and throws on high  
While waves in the distant dreary bay.

"We sing to you in the far off mart  
The song of comfort and cheery home ;  
When you wandered long through the gleaming wood,  
When your heart was young and life was good,  
When nature's breath was your spirit's food,  
And her sunny mood was your joyful mood,  
E'er you went away from this, your home.

"We cry to you in the frost-white north,  
Come back, come back, from its wind-swept plain,  
Come back to your friends, with their welcoming  
hands,  
Come back where your own home wood land stands,  
As you wish, as your innermost soul commands,  
But yield yourself to its demands,  
Let us not call to you alway in vain !"

And so forever the pine trees sing,  
And so forever call back again  
Those who have dwelt in their tender care,  
Those who have known their father-like care,  
Those who have loved them standing there  
Ever swaying with the swaying air —  
So call us back to themselves again.

JAMES WINGATE SEWALL, '06

## HUBBARD HALL

**H**ERE Art has planned and Labor made complete  
A worthy temple of the human mind.  
The thoughts and visions of the ages meet  
To shape the soul, to make a life replete  
With wisdom serviceable to mankind.  
Within, without, a thousand fancies greet  
The quickened mind. Thus 'twas God-designed.

CHARLES POOLE CLEAVES, '05

## ODIN'S GRAVE

**I**N that far place of mighty sepulchres  
Where the dead gods are laid, row after row ;  
That dim, mist-muffled shore where ebb and flow  
The long, dull tides of time ; where voyagers  
Come but with Death for pilot ; no wind stirs,  
Nor any stars through the grey twilight glow ;  
Where never tiniest leaf nor blade may grow,  
But lichen black as soot the swart stone furs ;  
Great Odin lies. And all mankind forget  
How he for wisdom drank of Mimer's well,  
And knew the sun of his high race must set  
In Twilight of the Gods ; yet wrought his best  
For helpless man, and took whate'er befell.  
So sleeps for aye ; forgot, but not unblest.

ARLO BATES, '76

## TENNYSON

**B**EYOND the bare, brown, distant fields  
The autumn sun sinks to his rest ;  
His brilliant glories stain the west,  
Then fade, and day to darkness yields.

On withered life and withered leaf  
The gaze has rested through the day ;  
Now idle tears are wiped away,  
At sunset comes a deeper grief.

So slowly sank the mighty light  
That on men's hearts its radiance shed ;  
The light that quickened life is dead,  
And on men's hearts there steals a night.

HARRY EDWIN ANDREWS, '94

## LIFE

**A** FEW small hours of change betimes  
To cheer the heart ;  
A long drear waste of dull routine  
The larger part.  
A sense of incompleteness still  
Presents its pall, —  
But one clear note of richest Hope  
Interprets all.

WILLIAM TREBY JOHNSON, '06



## WHO PAINTS THE LILY ?

WHO paints the lily's cup ?  
Conceives its fair design ?  
Who holds its fragile calyx up  
With gift of ruby wine ?  
Before the lily sees  
Red sun of summer shine  
Her petals all are dyed to please  
As erst in Palestine.

Who 'neath the winter's snow  
Preserved the happy thought,  
And in those chambers dark below  
A thing of beauty wrought ?  
Whose skill was it, — we ask,  
Lay tint on line and spot ?  
Who never once about his task  
The rich design forgot ?

Who to the ripening seed  
Gave flattering promise clear  
That lilies fair in flowery mead  
Should bloom the coming year ?

Enough it is for me  
To find the lily here,  
And in the perfect calyx see  
That steadfast Thought appear.

ISAAC BASSETT CHOATE, '62

## MY GUEST

SO sorrowful and wan, the face appears  
A deep, reflecting only sunless skies ;  
And strands of midnight hair hang low o'er eyes  
Whose dusky depth seems wells of endless tears,  
The resting place of care and haunting fears.  
Upon the pallid lips a trace there lies  
Of smiles long dead that grief has turned to  
sighs,  
The hopeless longings for the vanished years.  
  
Out of the shadowy caverns of the past  
She glides and seeks an entrance to my heart,  
Her presence dark'ning paths where sometimes  
stray  
Forgetfulness and peace, and gloom is cast  
O'er me, as sad I greet, while tear-drops start,  
The memory of a joy long fled away.

HARVEY WATERMAN THAYER, '95

## DAY BY DAY

**T**HIS day, O Father, Thou hast given me ;  
I'll rest, look up, sing, pray and worship Thee.

This day begins another week of work ;  
Lord, I'll be brave and not one duty shirk.

This day may bring me changes, sweet or sad ;  
Lord, I'll be patient and in Thee be glad.

This day the tempter may entice my heart ;  
Lord, I will love and so resist his art.

This day dark doubts may make the way seem long ;  
Lord, I'll believe and in Thy light be strong.

This day my neighbor may have grief or need ;  
Lord, I'll be kind and help with word and deed.

This day another week has passed away ;  
I'm tired, Lord — to-morrow is Thy day.

OSCAR PETERSON, '06

## THE OLD HOUSE

**B**ACK from the busy street it stands,  
Under the dear old elms,  
And the city's bustle is on both hands,  
The noise and the jostle of toiling bands,  
And the rattle that never ends.  
But the old house stands with its red brick walls  
And a quiet peace is in all its halls,  
As it seems to echo still  
The memory of the old, old days,  
Visions of stately old-fashioned ways,  
And the things of long ago.

The knocker of bronze on the old oak door  
Could tell full many a tale  
Of fair women and gallant men of yore,  
Of children's voices now no more,  
As it bows a grave salute  
To the great rusted key in the ponderous lock,  
While the iron latch replies to the knock,  
Seemingly pondering yet  
Memories of the old, old days,  
Visions of prim old-fashioned ways,  
And the things of long ago.

The flower-pots on the window sill,  
    So old and quaint and red,  
Hold quiet, old-fashioned flowers still ;  
Fern and primrose the windows fill,  
    And modest mignonette ;  
And a strange, sweet odor fills the room —  
Forgotten flowers, all in bloom,  
    That whisper and murmur still  
The memories of the dear old days  
Till you seem encircled in a maze  
    Of happenings long ago.

In the broad and long oak-panelled hall,  
    Toward the garden door at the end,  
Prim portraits look down from either wall,  
Breathing men and women all,  
    In the days of long ago.  
And the creaking stair beneath your tread,  
Still gracefully winding overhead,  
    Repeats and echoes again  
The steps of fair maidens of other days,  
And you feel yourself amid a haze  
    Of faces of long ago.

Old house, with thy nameless, fathomless charm,  
    Under the dear old elms,  
So peaceful, so serenely calm,  
Oh, may the future stretch its arm

Protectful o'er thy head,  
And still a restful haven seem  
Where one might ever sleep and dream  
Of days of long ago,  
Of women grand and maidens fair,  
Of dimpled cheeks and golden hair,  
And the days of long ago.

HENRY HILL PIERCE, '96

## DESOLATION

**M**ORE dreary scene may I ne'er know —  
The sea of gray ; of gray the sky ;  
No sign of life to meet the eye,  
Save far in air a single crow  
That flaps along and looks below  
To where the barren Cockles lie —  
Those lonely reefs — and hurries by.  
No sound is there for ear to know,  
Save when each wave with sluggish swell  
Makes float out on the gloomy air  
The fog-bell's mournful, solemn knell.  
And wreckwood from a ship once fair  
That failed to heed or hear that bell  
Lies rotting on the lone reef there.

JOHN CLAIR MINOT, '96



## WINTER SONG

**G**OOD fire that crackles so,  
Keep us warm !  
While in circles whirls the snow,  
While outside the bleak winds blow,  
While frost eddies come and go,  
Breathe your charm.

Good fire that crackles so,  
Here is food,  
Birch logs that afar did grow,  
Red coals make that fall below,  
Red gleams through the shadows throw.  
God is good !

Good fire that crackles so,  
By thy light  
We safe to our slumbers go.  
Let the wild wind rave and blow,  
Still give forth your brightest glow,  
So, good night.

JAMES WINGATE SEWALL, '06

## TIME

**D**OWN cavern-corridors of hollow stone,  
    Searching with puzzled heart along the ray  
    That flickers from his torch in grewsome play,  
A stranger passes through the dark, alone.

He glimpses walls beside him shadow strown —  
    A mica-flake glints there amidst the gray;  
    The rest is night. And as he peers his way  
The echoes of his footsteps moan and moan.

Even so this consciousness of ours flows on  
    Beneath this Now that ever spans its flow —  
    A gliding light athwart eternity.  
The way of buried days that we have gone  
    Marks with the faithful way we have to go  
    One interfused, silent mystery.

HARRY EDWIN ANDREWS, '94

## BY BOWDOIN'S WOODS

**A**PART from stress of life and strenuous crowd,  
Rapt with the stillness of the winter night,  
Down the long forest aisle, through pine and fir,  
I pass in solitude.

Snow draped and pure, in humble whiteness bowed,  
Touched by the low moon's sacramental light,  
Each grove breathes music, and each aperture  
A sacred interlude.

Sainted by long communion with their God  
These trees historic sanctify the night ;  
And in their midst I feel the thrill and stir  
Of their beatitude.

CHARLES POOLE CLEAVES, '05

## THOMAS BRACKETT REED

**T**HE chaplet that we lay upon his bier  
He wrought himself, against his burial day ;  
Men look upon it proudly, and they say,  
“These were his virtues while he still was here.”  
Courage that shone without a fleck of fear ;  
Integrity like sunlight on his way ;  
Strength that could keep the violent at bay,  
And kindliness that ever drew them near.  
Wit winged the speech which Intellect controlled,  
And in the nation's council he was hailed  
As one that spoke for country, not for self.  
When the fierce waves of passion round him rolled,  
Calmly he stood, unheeding those who railed,  
Unmoved by clamor, unseduced by pelf.

HENRY LELAND CHAPMAN, '66

## BALLADE OF "ENGLISH B"

(HARVARD SUMMER SCHOOL)

**W**HEN "English B" makes my pencil fly,  
And rough drafts litter my desk and floor,  
When my hand is weary and brain awry,  
And a "daily theme" is a blooming bore:  
Then comes a tap at my chamber door;  
And two little maids as it swings ajar,  
Present their plea that my task give o'er  
To the tinkle and thrump of my blithe guitar.

So I sing them a song of the days gone by,  
Of the college that stands 'neath the pine trees hoar,  
"Bowdoin Beata" or "Old Phi Chi" —  
Sophomore slogan since 'sixty-four —  
Or a marching song from our Chapter lore  
With rollicking chorus and loud hurrah:  
And with mine two childish voices soar  
To the tinkle and thrump of my blithe guitar.

But as darkness spreads in the August sky,  
Our mood is changed, and from memory's store  
I play them a dreamy lullaby  
Of the poppies that nod on the moonlit shore

Sung to slumber by waves galore  
In purling ripples ; until mamma  
Says two little maids must hear no more  
Of the tinkle and thrump of my blithe guitar.

Sirs: Your wandering troubadour  
Is back at his theme ; but his thoughts are far  
On two little faces that danced before  
The tinkle and thrump of his blithe guitar.

ARTHUR HUNTINGTON NASON, '99

## PANSY SONG

A BUNCH of purple pansies  
In a marble vase,  
A wondrous secret lurking  
In each thoughtful face.

“Tell us, purple pansies,  
What’s the secret deep  
That your Mother Nature  
Gave to you to keep?”

“The secret of the springtime,  
Of bud and twig and leaf,—  
In May the tiny seed-grain,  
In fall the ripened sheaf.”

“And will you not, sweet pansies,  
Reveal your Mother’s lore?”

“Not till all the springtimes  
And all the falls are o’er.”

A bunch of pansies nodding  
O’er a marble vase,  
A wondrous secret lurking  
In each pansy face.

STANLEY PERKINS CHASE, '05

## VENI LUX

**W**E stood on the beach together  
At the coming of the day,  
Where the ebbing surge of the Ocean  
Was hungry and short of breath ;  
The mist from over the waters  
Was chill and thick and gray,  
On the leadened shore it shivered  
Like the icy sweat of death.

The east was gray with morning  
That deadened the watchers' light,  
How the Ocean moaned in travail  
As it wept on the beach's swell !  
And still the thick gnarled fir-trees  
Gloomed black with the dying night,  
And the unrepentant waters  
Sobbed deep like a soul in Hell.

'So we stood on the beach together  
Till the sea-damp pierced the bone —  
But see ! On the eastern horizon  
How the salt mists melt away !



On the desert face of the waters  
The orb of the Sun-God shone.  
Hail ! Radiance of the Morning !  
The glorious Break of Day !

And so in a world of twilight  
We pray for the break of day !  
For the fog of creeds has wrapped us  
In the deadly chill of night ;  
But the sun Osiris dawning  
Shall burst the clouds away !  
Who gropes in the doubt and darkness ?  
Who strains to the coming light ?

HENRY HILL PIERCE, '96

## TOYS OF CLAY

**J**UST below the toiling town  
I saw a child to-day,  
With busy little hands of brown  
Making toys of clay.

Working there with all his heart,  
Beneath the spreading trees,  
He moulded with unconscious art  
Whatever seemed to please.

Men and fortress, tarts and pies,  
All out of clay he made,  
Then rubbed with chubby fists his eyes,  
And slumbered in the shade.

O little lad, from care so free,  
Thy life-work is begun ;  
The coming years are clay for thee  
To fashion one by one.

JOHN CLAIR MINOT, '96

## MAGIC OF THE SEA

**F**AIR fields of golden kingcups lie  
Far sloping to the sea,  
On cloth of gold the charmed eye  
Rests in felicity;  
Why should it rove  
To hill or grove,  
Why discontented be?  
What charm the more  
Has sandy shore,  
Or blue expanse of sea?  
Tall buttercups dance in the breeze,  
They nod and dance with glee;  
Low dandelions join with these, —  
How glad they both can be!  
And yet the shore  
With murmurous roar  
Is ever calling me;  
Which way I turn  
Is felt the stern,  
Wild magic of the sea.

ISAAC BASSETT CHOATE, '62

## REVELATION

**T**HE murmur of the flowing seas,  
The moonbeams on the silent lake,  
The soft thrill of the evening breeze,  
Can never a warm soul forsake.

We dream and drift far on to God,  
And yet we dream and drift not far ;  
We wander on the common sod  
While gazing toward the evening star.

O, flight of mighty ages gone,  
O, time and tide that are to be,  
Give us a vision of the dawn,  
While speeding o'er life's unknown sea !

We feel the silence and the storms,  
We see the great waves on the shore,  
We tremble at the wondrous forms,  
Yet in them find Thee evermore.

DANIEL IRVING GROSS, '02

## YE SCHOLAR IN LOVE

**Y**E light, Lucilly, of your sweet blue eyes  
Quite dims the feeble rays of midnight oil ;  
Ye memory of what within them lies  
Assuageth grief and maketh light my toil.

I sit and try to fill my eyes with bookes,  
Alack, alas! the trying is most vain.  
My vision seeth only your good looks ;  
My heart at your far absence cries with pain.

With wisdom old and new I toil and strive,  
And on my page with earnestness I stare, —  
Whatever I can see or dead or live  
Is tangled in the meshes of your hair.

Yet vain are all my sighs and moans for thee,  
Thy thoughts to me-ward, belike, never turn ;  
But with one single look or word from thee  
My foolish heart would never cease to burn !

ALLEN LEON CHURCHILL, '95

## SONNET

NO wooded slopes of Helicon allure  
The youth who tread the breezy pine-clad plain  
Of Brunswick. But the babbling brooks as pure  
As Grecian founts, where heavenly muses reign,  
Wend seaward. And the river plunges there  
And finds Nirvana in the absorbing tide,  
Echoing the greater thundering roar from where  
The rocky islands stem the billows wide,  
Islands as fair as those where Sappho sang.  
No mediæval minster with its towers,  
But heavenward-pointing granite spires whence rang  
The college curfew in those days of ours  
When art was short and boyish hopes were strong  
And merry voices chorused Bowdoin's ways.

JAMES MCKEEN, '64

## TWO SONGS

**W**HEN mild October's sober days are nigh,  
And warriors gird themselves with strength anew,  
The clarion of the old war-song strikes the sky, —  
The stirring martial notes of "Old Phi Chi."  
Gay June upon her throne beneath the pine  
Makes light the pain of parting, and the past  
Shows of her grief the only outward sign,  
The sweet, undying strains of "Auld Lang Syne."

HARVEY WATERMAN THAYER, '95

## A HUNTING SONG

**H**O! Ho! Ho! November's here,  
Brightest time of all the year ;  
Gird a belt about your waist,  
Seize your gun and shells in haste,  
Seek the forest grim and gray.  
Join us in the hunt to-day.

Let not age keep you behind,  
Youth to-day for all mankind !  
Sportive fires shall in you burn,  
As this way your footsteps turn,  
Old and young shall all be gay.  
Join us in the hunt to-day.

Tramping on with boyish glee,  
Past the brooklet, o'er the lea,  
Stop not on the marshy fen,  
There is game within the glen,  
It shall fall, the marksman's prey.  
Join us in the hunt to-day !

Let no sportsman miss his aim,  
Who would fill his bag with game ;



## Bowdoin Verse

Shoot the bird upon the wing,  
Shoot till all the forests ring  
From the hilltop to the bay.  
Join us in the hunt to-day!

Songs and shouts together rise  
'Neath the clear November skies,  
Joy and mirth shall have no end  
Till the coming night shall send  
All upon their homeward way—  
Ended is the hunt to-day.

BURTON MELVILLE CLOUGH, 1900

## UNFINISHED

HE sought throughout his ill-kept desk,  
And found old manuscripts half done ;  
Dissatisfied with every test,  
He sadly burned them, one by one.

He trod the maze of memory  
And found the thread of plans half-laid  
Which cheered his step toward days more free,  
But breaking, left him still in shade.

\* \* \* \* \*

Persistence, come with all thy meed,  
And stir us on to works complete !  
Thy panoply alone we need,  
To slay the Minatour Defeat.

CHARLES WILBERT SNOW, '07

## BEYOND

**T**HROUGH the long years, as countless ages roll,  
The heart of man has ever blindly sought  
To fathom the beyond, and, dreaming, thought  
Of sunny lands where speeds the fettered soul,  
When eyelids close, when breaks the golden bowl  
And life's fair blood is spilt. Time's unseen hand  
Has dimmed the faith of old, and from the sand  
Has swept the footprints leading to that goal.

But even yet, we know, when darkness yields  
To light, somewhere, there are Elysian fields ;  
And by their streams, beneath their cloudless sky  
Our feet shall roam, 'mid voices of that sea  
Where storms come nevermore, and, sorrow-free,  
The far-off Islands of the Blessed lie.

HARVEY WATERMAN THAYER, '95

## THE CARVED NAME

ONLY a name on the closet door,  
Carved fifty years ago or more,  
But it meets to-day the searching eye  
Of a gray old stranger, lingering by  
His college home of yore.

Plainly he reads the rough-carved line ;  
Nothing artistic makes it fine ;  
'Tis only one of the dozens there,  
Cut deep on the battered door with care  
By youths in the dead past time.

Plainly he reads, but he cannot say  
What makes his heart throb so to-day ;  
And his young guide wonders with surprise  
What causes the tears in the old man's eyes,  
And his sigh as he turns away.

JOHN CLAIR MINOT, '96

## KING CHAPEL

**T**HROUGH panes of painted glass streams ruddy  
light ;

In varied melody the organ's deep tones swell ;  
High in the tower booms forth the rhythmic bell ;  
Along the walls rich paintings meet the sight,  
Adam and Eve and Paul on Athens' height  
And Moses giving law to Israel.

A place where Bowdoin's noblest memories dwell,  
A fortress against wrong, a stronghold for the right,  
Where, as through stained panes the sunbeams fall,  
Touching our coarser selves with brilliant hue,

A higher thought may on our hearts descend,—  
An impulse to a nobler life for each and all,

A striving for a gentler hand, a heart more true,  
Each man in Bowdoin to his brother-man a friend.

WILLIAM WITHERLE LAWRENCE, '98

## INNER VISION

**A**S dreams at night  
Bring to unconscious sight  
    Entrancing vision  
    Of fields Elysian  
That need not any light  
    Of sun at noon,  
    Of stars or moon,  
To make their wondrous glories bright —  
  
So Life's way lies,  
To view of childish eyes,  
    Through regions splendid : —  
    One goes attended  
By such a heavenly host  
    Of angels bright  
    To guide aright  
There is no risk to him of being lost.

ISAAC BASSETT CHOATE, '62

## THE TRUE FAME

SOME in their falling have dragged others down  
To infamy, to darkness or despair ;  
Some, searching, blew all lights out but their own,  
And blinded others by their torches' glare ;  
Some, rising, trampled others underfoot  
To gain their own completeness or renown ;  
Some, idle, all life's sanctity pollute,  
And curse or cavil him who wins a crown.  
Succeed or fail be this your life's repute : —

*"He by his faults learned how to warn a soul ;  
He in his dauntless course cheered others on ;  
And, doubting not his own wreath would be won,  
Paused to fit sandals to another's foot ;  
Waved on, cried out, 'See, yonder lies your goal !' "*

CHARLES POOLE CLEAVES, '05.

## HISTORICAL PERSPECTIVE

**D**EEP mystery at first ; no when, no where ;  
Those countless æons that no annals bear,  
Unfathomed, unconceived, we pass in awe.  
Then misty view of tribes whose only law  
Was fierce, wild struggle 'gainst invading might ;  
They fought, were swept away ; the far-off sight  
Of modern eye perceives an age's fact,  
But nothing more, — no man, no name, no act.  
Then beings dimly seen across the lapse  
Of centuries, — vague, mythical, perhaps ;  
Then ancient heroes bold, a clearer band,  
Immortal in their fame they still shall stand  
On the horizon of the past. Now men  
And names and acts appear, and times wherein  
Beliefs, opinions, motives, faiths and creeds  
Accompany, explain, yet complicate, men's deeds ;  
And strife of kings and factions, — parliaments,  
And problems ; social, economic, rents,  
And riots, measures, threats to kill,  
The first and second reading of a bill.

HARRY EDWIN ANDREWS, '94



## SONNET

ONE of the nameless brotherhood had found  
His way to my inhospitable door,  
And asked for bread; the word was, nothing more,  
While he stood waiting looking on the ground.  
“Right in the midst of dinner!” and I frowned,  
As petulantly tapping on the floor  
I rose, with justice fired, to score  
This latest beggar on his lazy round.  
Alas for justice! Grief had set its seal  
On that inquiring face turned up to mine,  
To me who cannot read the Open Book!  
I could not answer that brave, mute appeal —  
Unless the bread spoke for me — nor define  
What met me, and still haunts me, in that look.

HENRY JOHNSON, '74

## YOUTH TO ITS OWN

**O**UT to the harbor, on to the sea  
Drive your staunch vessel out to the free !  
Loosen your moorings, swing to the gale,  
Life is all striving, not furling sail,  
Striving, achieving, conquering the blast  
Fight, master, vanquish on to the last !  
If you must founder, sink in the flood  
Flying your colors, fronted with blood,  
Nailed to the masthead, scorning your fate !  
Rot in no harbor, breath half abate.

GEORGE EDWIN FOGG, '02

## THE SONG OF THE FISHER

OVER the water the sun sinks low  
    Into the depth of the wood-fringed west ;  
With crimson and gold the heavens glow,  
    And the waters are wine as they lie at rest.  
Beautiful vistas of woody isles  
    Gleam in the path of the setting sun ;  
And, with pinions wearied by many miles,  
    Great birds fly home as the day is done.  
But into the distance a fisher goes,  
    And his bright oars flash like a pair of wings ;  
And, as with a sturdy stroke he rows,  
    There comes to me faintly the song he sings.  
The glow has faded from sky and sea,  
    And into the darkness the boat has gone,  
But still, with a spirit of prophecy,  
    The song in my heart sings on and on.  
And tender sadness and misty tears  
    And the untold yearning for untold things  
Fade with the promise of future years  
    And the joy of the song that the fisher sings.

GEORGE HINKLEY STOVER, '03

## UNDER THE MISTLETOE

**L**ADS and lassies, away ! away !

Bring the evergreen bay and the holly, oh !  
With wreaths and ribbons and garlands gay  
To deck the hall for our Christmas Day.

*Sing hey ! for the jolly mistletoe !*

With their glistening leaves and berries bright,

Twine the evergreen bay and the holly, oh !  
Frolic and fun are ours to-night,  
Mirth and music and laughter light ;

*Sing hey ! for the jolly mistletoe !*

But of Cupid's wiles, my boy, beware,

Mid the evergreen bay and the holly, oh !  
For the mischievous sprite is always there,  
And for many a man he sets a snare.

*Sing hey ! for the jolly mistletoe !*

And a branch that swings from the chandelier

'Neath the evergreen bay and the holly, oh !  
Will tempt some fellow too far, I fear.

When Somebody flits so near — so near —

*Sing hey ! for the jolly mistletoe !*

For if there were Someone with eyes of blue  
    'Neath the evergreen bay and the holly, oh !  
I know of — something — and so do you,  
That would change her cheeks to the roses' hue —  
    *Ye gods ! Sing hey ! for the mistletoe !*

ARTHUR HUNTINGTON NASON, '99

## A LOVE TOAST

**W**E drink a toast to-night, my boys,  
To the oldest thing on earth,  
And yet as new to-night, my boys,  
As in its hour of birth.  
It has lived through all the ages,  
And reigns supreme to-day.  
O'er the hearts of men and nations  
'Twill ever hold its sway.  
And in our college life, my boys,  
So free from grief or care,  
We see it here triumphant,  
And thriving everywhere.  
Each finds it in the flashing eyes  
Of the girl that he loves best,  
And in her roguish, winsome smile  
That kindles in his breast.  
So we drink a toast to-night, boys,  
To the passion all divine.  
Each laddie has his lassie, boys,  
And here's to yours and mine.

HARRY WOODS KIMBALL, '92

## WHEN THOU ART NEAR

**W**HEN thou art near to me day lingers long,  
And still gray twilight brings no shadow here,  
For fairy hours are crowned with joyous song,  
When thou art near.

O'er hills of toil the sun gleams bright and clear,  
The skies are fair, and all the gusty throng  
Of piercing winds, with voices lone and drear,  
Are hushed and still beneath thy scepter strong.  
So life grows sweet, and unawares, a dear  
And blessed peace steals o'er my heart ere long,  
When thou art near.

HARVEY WATERMAN THAYER, '95

## WITCHES' TOWN

**W**HEN I came into Witches' Town  
I was so free and gay ;  
The high sun surely looked not down  
On blither wight that day ;  
For I was Gladys' true-sworn knight,  
And she my troth-plight love ;  
My sword was bright, my heart was light,  
Cloudless the skies above.  
*Ah, in Witches' Town what spells are said !  
Why shine its runnels all so red ?*

When I came out of Witches' Town  
Lagging my step and slow,  
The wan moon never cast blight down  
On wretch more dazed with woe :  
For I had seen, by magic dread,  
How false was she and frail !  
My hope was sped, my love was dead,  
And life a liar's tale.  
*Ah, in Witches' Town what spells are said !  
My sword shines like its runnels — red.*

ARLO BATES, '76



## A BALLADE OF BOWDOIN PINES

**O** BOWDOIN pines we hold so dear !  
When winds of winter wildly blow,  
And tempest-squadrons far and near  
With trumpet blare assail the foe, —  
When summer breezes, to and fro,  
The fragrance of the flowers distil, —  
Whatever change the winds may show,  
The pines of Bowdoin whisper still.

Beneath their shades we see appear  
The hazy forms of long ago ;  
And walking there with these we hear,  
When soft the twilight after-glow,  
The sweetest music gently flow ;  
And visions fair our young hearts fill,  
As, with their branches swaying slow,  
The pines of Bowdoin whisper still.

Such wondrous music, rich and clear,  
No other hearts can ever know,  
As that which thrills us year by year,  
The dear old whispering pines below ;

And ever richer doth it grow,  
And spread its message far, until  
To all the wide world listening so  
The pines of Bowdoin whisper still.

O Bowdoin boys, our youth must go;  
Yet though we wander where we will,  
Forever for us, sweet and low,  
The pines of Bowdoin whisper still.

JOHN CLAIR MINOT, '96

## MORNING AND EVENING

OUT of the goal at the east of the world,  
Coming in glory, father of hope,  
Springs with his banners of flame-light unfurled,  
The strong master spirit of ages unwept,  
The strong dæmon spirit of chasms unleapt,  
The bright brazen sun,  
The light of the world.

\* \* \* \* \*

Soft are the zepthers blowing,  
Slow the gray darkness flowing,  
Soon will the stars be glowing  
O'er land and sea.  
Mistress of night and ocean,  
Thou hast our heart's devotion,  
Luna, by prayer and potion,  
We worship thee.

JAMES WINGATE SEWALL, '06

## THE VIOLIN

ONCE nurtured in the tallest of the trees  
That formed some upland forest, drear and dense,  
Now fashioned by man's fingers to the form  
That Genius gave, thou King of instruments,  
Recall those happy days of summer time,  
Their stillness broke by bird-song, sweet and low,  
Those winter nights, the tempest's chilling breath  
That left the forest bleak with drifted snow.

'Twas then were learned the first great principles  
And subtle secrets of true harmony.  
And if sometimes the sound of silver flute,  
Triumphant brass, or viol rich and free  
Seem to enchant the ear with pleasing spell,  
Remember, thine a nobler mission far,  
To mingle mirth and pathos, joy and grief,  
To speak the souls of mortals as they are.

JOHN MERRILL BRIDGHAM, '04

## POINT TUPELO

'T WAS down an enchanted pathway,  
In a college of beautiful fame.  
If I knew not the risk I was running,  
Was I, then, a stranger, to blame?  
The sunshine was kissing the shadow,  
Lake Waban was kissing the land ;  
And the maiden who walked there beside me —  
What a thrill in the touch of her hand !  
We stood looking out on the waters,  
We talked — was it science and books ?  
I know not what witchery lurked there,  
Concealed in this maiden's looks.  
Some terrible fate was impending,  
I felt from the hint that she gave ;  
A spell in the shadowy branches,  
A spell in the whispering wave.  
I escaped, some divinity aiding,  
But who knows what my fate will be, when  
Once more I shall visit this college,  
And be tempted to risk it again.

CLARENCE WEBSTER PRABODY, '93

## HAWTHORNE

**H**ERMIT by nature, this man, Hawthorne, owned  
Himself a part and parcel of the race.  
A sterner ancestry his heart atoned  
Though in deep self-distrust he hid his face.  
Why fares the soul so harshly in the flesh,  
Subject to strife and storm and variant mood ?  
Why spins Love good and evil in its mesh ?  
He pondered thus in years of solitude,  
Then when he took his pen to tell how much  
The stress of passion shakes the human heart  
He wrought with such a chaste, yet human, touch —  
See ! The stained garb of evil fell apart  
As something that the soul could not endure.  
So by a tale of sin he said, — “ Be pure. ”

CHARLES POOLE CLEAVES, '05

## THE PAST AND THE FUTURE

**B**ESIDE my hearth, my bed, they stand,  
A shadowy form on either hand ;  
Yet not so shadowy that each face  
Hath not a look of loving grace,  
As kind and comforting and mild  
As mother ever bent on child.

In care and sorrow and distress  
They soothe, they hearten and they bless ;  
If clouds obscure my passing days,  
I find my sunshine in their gaze.  
How can I sad or lonesome be  
With guests like Hope and Memory !

HENRY SEWELL WEBSTER, '67

## BY LAKE BIWA

SHE looks across the waters stretching wide,  
The land beyond as cloud of mist appears ;  
Is it that rain and fog the margin hide,  
Or that the straining eyes are filled with tears ?

The sun is going down beyond the west,  
Upon the lake his parting radiance lies ;  
The woman seeks to trace the mountain crest  
That dimly marks the border of the skies.

“So far beyond ! How can my thought attain  
That shore remote to which my heart is gone !  
How grasp the countless numbers of the slain,  
The sacrifice now offered for Nippon !”

Her thought is with one soldier of the host  
, To whom was country dearer far than life,  
Whom she has yielded — at how great a cost !  
Because she was a soldier's worthy wife.

The stars of night in pity look upon  
The men who fight, the wives at home who wait, —  
“A prayer for him who battles for Nippon ;” —  
She turns and passes through the temple gate.

ISAAC BASSETT CHOATE, '62



## A PRAYER

DEAR Lord, let not our human sense  
From Thee mislead our faith —  
The petty mind, the foolish skill,  
The brain o'erwise within itself,  
The ritualistic mock of truth,  
The finite search for infinite.

Teach us to feel Thy universe,  
From little things unknown to eyes  
To spaces still the more unknown ;  
To feel Thy universal law,  
Controlling all beneath Thy hand —  
Teach us to feel and so to know.

Teach us to feel and so to know.  
Let not in self-sufficient strength  
Our minds scoff at Thy hidden ways.  
Grant woman's deeper searching grace  
To hold all hearts in perfect faith.  
Lord, we, Thy creatures, pray to Thee.

JAMES WINGATE SEWALL, '06

## TO A HUMMING BIRD

**I** SEE thee, tiny, busy humming bird,  
    Darting thy way in fragrant, flowery dells,  
    Dipping thyself in sweet nasturtium bells,  
Withdrawing like the lightning flash unheard.  
The blue tinged range doth not the valley gird  
    With loveliness so delicate as clings  
    To thee on hazy, million-motioned wings,  
Fleeting from bower to bower by zephyrs stirred.  
    Thou'rt more immortal than a royal line  
That fades before the people's rising will ;  
    Crown, robe and scepter in the past repine  
But naught thy magic sovereignty can kill ;  
    Thy wing hath luster not of man's design ;  
Thy last born generation charms us still.

DANIEL IRVING GROSS, '02

## IN BOWDOIN CHAPEL

(TO THE MEMORY OF ALPHEUS SPRING PACKARD)

**H**ERE, once again, within the chapel walls  
I stand, alone, where once young comrades met,  
While recollections throng. Who could forget  
Those joyous days, which this loved scene recalls?  
Now, as of yore, the softened sunlight falls  
On pictured wall and graceful statuette,  
On organ-loft — I hear the music yet —  
The resurrected past my soul enthalls.

Oh then, how great a privilege was mine  
Each morn to see that silvery haloed face  
That form beloved, to hear that prayer divine  
Which here ascended to the throne of grace.  
His memory, close as climbing ivies twine,  
Will ever cling about this holy place.

ALVIN DENNETT HOLMES, '80

## THE UNCHANGING LIFE

**T**HE sun is set on ancient Greece,  
Her beauty and her pride lie low,  
Through ruined shrine and crumbling arch  
The vagrant winds of evening blow.  
Dark shadows lie in sculptured hall,  
The ghost of beauteous years long past,  
And pillars lonely, tottering stand,  
Dim memories of a temple vast.

But still for me o'er sacred hills  
There streameth yet eternal day,  
And cloudless skies are bent above,  
And holy fountains ceaseless play.

I drink into my longing eyes  
The fadeless light from storied page,  
And thrill to find myself e'en now  
A dweller in that golden age.

I wander, spirit-like, in lands  
Where olive gardens scent the breeze ;  
Where mellow, plaintive voices steal  
The murmur of the Ægean seas.

The stars look down upon that deep  
And fill its waves with gems untold ;  
But to mine eyes are mirrored there  
The faces of the gods of old.

So still for me on vine-clad heights  
The shepherd pipes unto his sheep,  
And vintage feasters, mad with joy,  
Their rustic revels wildly keep.  
The hand of Time has wrought its change,  
And years roll on than time more fleet,  
But yet our hearts may find a path  
Of romance for our wandering feet.

HARVEY WATERMAN THAYER, '95

## FROM THE GATES

**M**OONLIGHT — and midnight hour ;  
A war-like field ; stout ramparts raise  
Their pinnacles and gargoyles with  
A breath of mediæval days.

One guards the sleeping battlements :  
The narrowing vistæd trees reveal,  
Clear cut, the lofty Chapel spires  
Which sentinel our college weal.

DAVID RICHARD PORTER, '06

## KEEP THOU OUR LIPS

**S**OME unkind words of him escaped my lips  
At morn, and now, as evening's light is shed,  
I know e'en while I spoke those thoughtless quips  
The calm, grave face I mocked lay cold and dead.  
'Twas not I loved him ; how could I divine  
The good that unknown heart held underneath ?  
But oh ! the thought that scornful lips of mine  
Had trespassed on the sanctity of death.

Dear Lord, teach us to use aright Thine own  
Great gift of speech ; cool Thou our anger's heat ;  
O set Thy seal on every word and tone,  
Till we in everything Thy praise repeat.  
Keep Thou our lips, and check the hasty word  
Our feverish, untrained souls would send through  
them ;

Keep Thou our lips from speaking guile, O Lord,  
Who by our words doth judge, by them condemn !

STANLEY PERKINS CHASE, '05

## DRIFTWOOD

OUR lives are bits of driftwood  
That float on a boundless sea,  
Where the wild waves dash forever  
And calm can never be.

And the currents of the ocean,  
Alas, we cannot know ;  
Or whence the driftwood started,  
Or whither it will go.

Sometimes there is a haven  
Along some island shore,  
Where the driftwood finds a shelter,  
And is tossed about no more.

And often the bits of driftwood  
Meet others upon the sea,  
And float as one a moment,  
Then part for eternity.

JOHN CLAIR MINOT, '96



## THE COMING CERTITUDE

ONE mystery beset the dawn of mind ;  
One riddle vexed Assyrian and Greek ;  
One answer life and time have still to seek ;  
One answer time and life shall never find.

He lies there dripping, ashen, staring, blind,  
The latest stricken by the master-freak,  
And I, in strange new wonder, stand here weak  
Before this Death that balks and ends mankind.

We know it not, and no man ever knew ?  
Nay, now *he* knows, — and they who passed along  
Last week, last year, before him, — they know, too.

Ah, rather should our mystery read so : —  
Who is *he* can compute the illumined throng,  
The resting myriads of them that know ?

HARRY EDWIN ANDREWS, '94

WHEN THE DAY'S WORK IS  
DONE

**G**OOD night ! The candle lower burns,  
And in the darkened room  
Its wavering light can hardly pierce  
The subtle gloom.

Slowly I lay my book away,  
And close my weary eyes,  
While on the hearth in smoke and spark,  
The firelight dies.

Good night ! The candle lower burns,  
Fast sinks the light ;  
Slow fall the embers on the hearth ;  
Good night ! Good night !

JAMES NEWELL EMERY, '05

## SONG OF THE DESERTED PORTS

I SING the song of deserted ports,  
Where ne'er puts in a ship ;  
The grass grows thick on abandoned quays,  
The slime on the untrod slip.

The water laps at the rotting piles ;  
Drear winds from the gray deep blow ;  
The shutters of the storehouse grim  
Are slatting to and fro.

The past is fled, when nards and spice,  
The wealth of India rare,  
Like incense in cathedral aisles  
Perfumed the salt sea air.

The present, future, one drear blank,  
No hope for an alloy ;  
And recollections of their past  
Bring to these ports no joy.

I sing the song of deserted ports  
Like a song from the hearts of men  
Who've seen their brightest hopes depart  
Ne'er to return again,

Who've seen the sheen of its sails grow dim  
As the fleet of youth stood out,  
Laden with dreams and friendship sweet,  
And left them with pain and doubt.

JAMES PLAISTED WEBBER, 1900

## THE SINGER

WHAT is the singer's thought?  
It is of noblest worth,  
Of virtue here on earth  
From heights celestial brought.  
What is the singer's dream?  
A vision of the Right  
Prevailing over Might,  
And made the law supreme.  
What is the singer's aim?  
Some wounded heart to reach  
That he a truth may teach  
Of comfort more than fame.  
What is the singer's prayer?  
That in another sphere  
What is the rarest here  
Be found most common there.  
What is the singer's faith?  
That in fond memory  
His simple song shall be  
Kept sacred after death.

ISAAC BASSETT CHOATE, '62

## “PEACE, BE STILL”

**O**H, what an hour was that upon the sea !  
The mighty waves the storm of wild wind drove ;  
The tossing boat that with the tempest strove ;  
The twelve who looked in vain away to flee ;  
And He who in the stern slept tranquilly !  
With fearful plaint they woke the Lord of love ;  
He rose ! The voice that could all fear remove,  
Said “ Peace, be still ! ” The storm then ceased to be.  
How many hours, when pain, and doubt, and woe,  
Have raised a tempest in my striving soul,  
Have I, all fearful of the coming end,  
Prayed that again amid the tempest's blow  
He'd rise and speak. When lo ! faith o'er me stole  
With “ Peace, be still ! ” that made a calm  
descend.

FREDERICK CROSBY LEE, 1900

## THE OAK'S FAREWELL

**Y**ES, I'm old and rough and gaunt ;  
Yet within my lofty haunt,  
Where the gentle summer breezes set each ragged  
leaf a-flaunt,  
Swarms a crowd of early recollections of my early  
college loves,  
Soft alighting on my branches like a flock of cooing  
doves.  
And I whisper soft and low  
The dear names I used to know,  
As again I see the faces of the misty long ago,  
Of the ones who've known and loved me and have  
felt their young hearts burn,  
And have one by one departed, some to nevermore  
return.  
But a gladness,  
Mixed with sadness,  
Steals upon me unaware,  
As across the dear old campus with the silver in  
their hair,  
Once again I see them go,  
With their footsteps rather slow,

But with figures once more straightened and with  
eyes once more aglow.

Oh ! the mingled smiles and tears,

Oh ! the changing hopes and fears

Which have thrilled my inmost fibers during more  
than foreshore years,

While the swelling glow of springtime, with its  
tender, balmy days,

And the golden warmth of summer, with its shimmer  
and its haze,

And the autumn's gorgeous gleam,

And the winter's whistling scream,

Quickly flit again before me like the figures of a  
dream.

But the summer, spring and autumn of my happy  
life is gone,

And the chilling clutch of winter now is surely  
drawing on,

For a slow but sure decay

Creeps upon me day by day,

And with dull, unfeeling fingers wears my mighty  
trunk away.

But at times I seem to hear,

In the midnight still and clear,

Like the river's distant rushing coming faintly to  
my ear,



In the long-forgotten accents of the mystic ghostly  
dead,

Dear old voices calling, calling to the rest of Earth's  
cold bed.

So I take a fond farewell

Of the place in which I dwell,

And the ties which bind me to it with the power of a  
spell;

For I know, and that full surely, that whene'er my  
mighty form

Falls before the crashing lighting or the demons of  
the storm,

On the campus still I'll be,

And my form they still shall see

In the pale, fantastic moonlight like a weird and  
ghostly tree.

And in clear or cloud or blast,

As my figure of the past,

So my spirit to old Bowdoin shall be loyal to the last.

GEORGE HINKLEY STOVER, '03

## IN UNISON

SING, merry throat !  
With all your sweetness sing  
A merry note  
Till all the woodlands ring.  
Sing sweetest song that ever yet was heard,  
By listening boy, by heart-enraptured bird !

Sing, merry heart !  
Light heart of bird or boy,  
With nature's art  
All gifts of song employ !  
One voice in praise of violet-footed spring,  
And one in rapture all to hear the other sing !

ISAAC BASSETT CHOATE, '62

## THE TRUE QUEST

I WONDERED if all Time could give  
Enough of hours for half my toil,  
Or books, or wealth, or worlds supply  
A mind insatiate for spoil.  
Heart-worn I stole from tasks undone  
To nature's busier haunts and hives,  
Sure no eternity could pay  
For half the pain of human lives.

The sweet airs swept from heaven's gates  
Through apple-bloom and violet meadow;  
The sweet-fern nestled by the wood;  
And from the pool where fell his shadow  
The robin drank his fill and sang.  
I heard the sound of children's laughter  
Their glad arms dropping blossomed gold;  
I wondered what I was striving after.

CHARLES POOLE CLEAVES, '05

## AN OLD SAW

**T**HE man who knows and knows he knows,  
To him your homage bring ;  
He wields the power that waits and wins,  
And he is rightful king.

Let him who does not know, and knows  
He does not know, be classed  
As heir of all things everywhere  
For he will know at last.

But he who does not know, and does  
Not know he does not know,  
Is doomed to live and die a fool,  
For it was ever so.

SAMUEL VALENTINE COLE, '74

## QUO VADIS, DOMINE

**F**ROM Rome, 'tis said, along the Appian Way,  
His faith sad shaken in its constancy,  
The great apostle Peter once did flee,  
Just as the dawn proclaimed the coming day,  
And fleeing met the Lord in bright array,  
Who said to his "Quo Vadis, Domine?"  
"To Rome, to die a second time for thee!"  
And Peter, weeping, then his flight did stay.

To-day in person Christ comes not to men,  
But when I turn to flee from duty's ground,  
Oftimes I think I hear His voice again  
Sound as of old Saint Peter heard it sound,  
And bid me stay my foolish flight; and then  
New strength for duty closes me around.

FREDERICK CROSBY LEE, 1900

## DER STURMNEBEL

GRAY as death is the evening sky,  
The sullen rain beats slowly by,  
And the trees lift dim and dark on high  
    Their branches bleak and bare.

I miss the glow of the sunset's gold,  
The breath of the night is damp and cold,  
Naught to view but mist and mold,  
    The emblems of despair.

The fog hangs low on the chilly sea  
The cold wind sweeps o'er moor and lea,  
And bitterly, heavily, steadily,  
    The vicious rain beats down.

Only the foghorn's sullen roar,  
Only the wave-beats on the shore;  
Still as a vision of days of yore,  
    Seems the noise of the town.

Dull as the throb of a funeral knell  
Sullenly echoes the distant bell,  
Tossed and swung by each passing swell  
    Out on the distant sea.

JAMES NEWELL EMERY, '05

## THE ESCAPE OF BELCOUR

**T**HERE was a captive, once a kingly knight,  
But crippled by his captors ; he to me  
Was as a father, brave Sir Aglavaine.  
He taught me of our faith, and made me know  
Of knightly deeds and daring, and the truth  
A hero keeps with self though all the world  
Rise up to make him false. There came a day —  
I was a stripling, lady, — when the feast  
With which those pagans usher in the spring  
Was kept with rites unholy. On that morn  
They swore Sir Aglavaine should sacrifice,  
Or be himself the victim. Robed in white,  
With beard of snow down to his girdle, came  
The holiest Druid to the altar. Still  
I feel mine eyes bedazzled by the sun  
Piercing the half-grown beech leaves ; still I see  
The ring of eager faces, with stern brows  
And bearded lips compressed ; the white old priest,  
And noble Aglavaine with that high look  
That makes my throat choke and my heart beat hot.  
Then looked he dauntless-eyed upon them all,  
And raised his kingly head, and cursed their gods ; —  
And that white Druid slew him with a blow.

Then I sprang forth, and caught the priest's own axe,  
And cleft his hoar head through its sacred wreath  
Of oak and mistletoe: and, beard and robe  
Drenched sudden crimson, down his body pitched  
On Aglavaine's, and his soul fled to hell! . . .  
In that brief moment while they stood amazed,  
And looked to see their god the welkin split  
With crashing thunder of my doom, I leaped  
Into the covert. For uncounted days  
I lurked with wolves and fought with beasts for food,  
Until I came at last to Camelot,  
And good King Arthur took me.

ARLO BATES, '76



## EVENTIDE

**G**LOW, lingering sunset, glow  
Tinted in gold ;  
Blow, wandering breezes, blow  
Over the wold.  
Hide, gathering darkness, hide  
Streamers of light ;  
Glide, deepening shadows, glide  
Into the night.  
Lie, slumbering nature, lie  
Peaceful and gray ;  
Die, whispering echoes, die  
Fading away.  
Swing, sentinel branches, swing  
Leafless and bare ;  
Bring, hallowed moments, bring  
Freedom from care.  
Steal, refreshing sleep, steal  
Down from above ;  
Deal, Heavenly Father, deal  
Tokens of love.

BURTON MELVILLE CLOUGH, 1900

## OMAR KHAYYAM

**A** HEALTH to Omar in the crimson wine  
He sang and loved! What though the years roll on  
And life's ripe leaves have fallen one by one  
Till thirty generations in each line  
Have felt the charm and music that were thine,  
O Omar! Still with each to-morrow's sun —  
Though the brief memory of the world be done  
With Marmud and with Jamshyd — lo, a shrine  
Is yours wherever Human Heart hates care!  
Wherever in the spring a garden blows!  
And softly breathes the Spirit of the Vine  
And sing the roses as they scent the air:  
“He gave an added beauty to the rose;  
He lent a fuller fragrance to the wine.”

HENRY HILL PIERCE, '96

## A LOST HARP

A HARP and all of its strings sang love ;  
    Its pulses beat with that strange sweet song,  
    And echoed these pathways of earth along,  
Till they needed its strains in the court above.  
That heart which pulsed to each beat of my heart,  
    Why was it smothered and snatched away ?  
    Mine own beats on till the death of day,  
But only in sorrow alone and apart.  
In that nameless song of a million tones,  
    In the purest chord there was wanting one ;  
    So they took her, the dearest beneath the sun ;  
And my heart-strings strike but a chord of moans.  
Do I dare hope they'll send for me, too, sometime ?  
    'Tis bold, but with love we are bold to dream ;  
    And I know that if love is that heavenly theme,  
Our souls must be wed and forever chime.  
When the swell of that harmony, holy, divine,  
    Shall rise like a cloud to the throne above,  
    Two tones shall ring clear in that anthem of love,  
And no one shall ask which is hers, which is mine.

CLARENCE WEBSTER PEABODY, '93

## UNTENANTED

**M**AUD'S locket, fashioned like a heart  
    With tiny jewels set,  
Is filigreed with dainty art,  
And pictured, too, with Cupid's dart ;  
This locket, fashioned like a heart,  
    She hath inscribed "To Let,"  
Maud's locket, fashioned like a heart  
    With tiny jewels set.

HANSON HART WEBSTER, '99

## COMMON CAMPUS POSIES

COMMON campus posies,  
Four familiar flowers,  
Singularly symbols  
For each class of ours.  
Each one with a lesson  
He who runs may read  
In a glance while passing,  
If he will but heed.

Nestling close together,  
As in self-defense,  
Fearful Freshmen's favor,  
Tiny Innocents.

Little lips this teacher: "In a world of shame  
Keep thyself unspotted and thy name from blame."

Everywhere intruding,  
( Can't ignore him well )  
Next there's Dandelion,  
Sophomoric swell.

Yet this giddy fellow with his crown of gold  
Beareth goodly counsel: "Persevere! Be bold!"

Sentimental Juniors

Love the Violet,

Blooming near the pine trees.

May they not forget

Her peculiar pleading in the upturned face :

“ See how God to small things giveth tender grace. ”

For departing Seniors

Steals a soft perfume,

Sweet as fond remembrance,

From Syringa's bloom.

“ Strive to make thy presence all around, ” she saith,

“ Shed a benediction like my scented breath. ”

Common campus posies,

Four familiar flowers,

Singularly symbols

For each class of ours.

May we weave their precepts

Safe in memory's bowers !

Common campus posies,

Four familiar flowers.

JAMES PLAISTED WEBBER, 1900

## SHIP OF FANCY

**T**HE sun went shining down the west  
At close of day ;  
His fires were kindled on the crest  
Of distant hill ;  
Along the surface of the bay  
His beams in bars of brightness lay,  
When Ship of Fancy sailed away  
So calmly still.

Those silken sails were dazzling white  
As winter snow,  
When that fair ship of mine at night  
Went sailing by ;  
How fast the shadows crept below !  
How side and deck were darkened so  
That only topsails then might show  
Against the sky !

The sun is shining bright and clear  
In eastern skies,  
Is bringing warmth, is bringing cheer  
To hearts of men : —

A vessel in the harbor lies,  
From masthead well-known pennon flies —  
'Tis Ship of Fancy — glad surprise!  
Come home again.

ISAAC BASSETT CHOATE, '62



## ALCESTIS

**B**EFORE the dome, to the bright Sun God dear,  
The selfish king bore forth his loyal wife,  
A self-made ransom for her lord foredoom'd ;  
And o'er the shining court there sadly loomed  
Grim Thanatos, all dark'ning hope and life,  
While mid the gloom Alcestis cried in fear —  
"Shadowy on my eyes comes the night creeping."

And 'cross life's stage when all seems fresh and fair,  
The Sun God brightly shining as of yore,  
There stalks, with steps relentless, slow and grim,  
That same dark form, now shading you, now him,  
Now me. We feel its presence ever more and more,  
And moan, half in relief, half in despair,  
"Shadowy on my eyes comes the night creeping."

KENNETH C. M. SILLS, '01

## LIFE

**T**HE morn in dazzling splendor breaks,  
All radiant with light,  
The day, a round of toil and care,  
A time of rest the night.

A morn, a day, a night for man —  
Fair youth the morning bright,  
The day, a time to do his work,  
The sleep of death, his night.

BURTON MELVILLE CLOUGH, 1900

## A SEA TURN

**M**ORE splendid, wanton, mightier, more fair  
Than all the queens of all barbaric days —  
The siren August sea puts forth her spell,  
And holds her loves in one enchanted gaze.

She wears the gift-robe of the amorous sky —  
She wears league-flashing jewels of the sun ;  
And yet she turns to lure with many smiles  
The land, so swiftly, surely hers, with one.

But on her heart, high in its carnival  
Amid this adoration, steals a change ; —  
Her bosom scarcely swells for listlessness —  
Her smile fades into pallor gray and strange.

Grayer she grows than her limp, cast-up dead,  
And, for the glittering temptress she hath been,  
She lies there now, silent, saving her moan,  
And haggard with the memory of her sin.

HARRY EDWIN ANDREWS, '94

## BENEATH THE MISTLETOE

ON Christmas eve, surpassing fair,  
She stands in graceful pose ;  
From out the meshes of her hair  
There peeps a budding rose ;  
Her love-lit eyes dart glances coy,  
Her cheeks with blushes glow ;  
I see her pause, O bliss and joy !  
Beneath the mistletoe.

I scarce receive with proper grace  
The challenge from her eyes,  
When suddenly to my embrace  
A mocking laugh replies —  
A laugh which turns my perfect bliss  
To rage, despair and woe —  
It is my sister whom I kiss  
Beneath the mistletoe !

THOMAS LITTLEFIELD MARBLE, '98

## THE BRIDE'S BOUQUET

ONLY a bunch of faded roses now  
And ribbons long grown dim with dust of years,  
Laid lovingly away on that glad day  
When eyes flashed joy now shining soft with tears.

Sad heart, 'twas long ago you made your vow,  
And he who heard lies sleeping far from thee,  
Where plumey palm trees wave above his grave,  
While softly sighs the sunlit southern sea.

Four happy years where Arno's waters flow,  
'Neath lovely Pisa's leaning towers tall,  
He spent with you, — and then the war blast blew,  
And he came home to die at freedom's call.

But the love for him in your heart to-day  
Clings as the perfume clings in this bouquet.

PAUL HUSSEY POWERS, '08

## THE PINES AT NIGHT

**I**N the shadow I was standing,  
Of our grand old pines at night,  
When the stars were twinkling shyly,  
When the moon was clear and bright.

There I heard the breezes sighing  
'Mid the branches dark and grim,  
When the pine-spills sang together,  
Soft and low, their evening hymn.

And I tried to catch the meaning  
Of that matchless evening lay ;  
But an unseen river gliding,  
Ever bore the notes away.

Then there came a perfect stillness ;  
Seldom was a calm so deep,  
For the breezes all were resting,  
And the pines trees were asleep.

BURTON MELVILLE CLOUGH, 1900

## WITH BURNS

I DREAM of Burns' bright Scottish lassies,  
Their sparkling eyes of bonny blue ;  
Of moonlight strolls o'er brae and heather  
With many a trusted friend and true.

I hear the joyous voices rising  
From 'round their ingle's cheery flame,  
And sounds of merry laughter telling  
The frolic of some rural game.

I hear sweet songs of nature breathing  
Amid a life of poverty and care,  
And bursts of noble feeling showing  
The truest heart of manhood there.

And so, if I'm despondent, doubting  
Whate'er I do, where'er I turn,  
I find the cheeriest comfort waiting  
Within the hearty songs of Burns.

HARRY WOODS KIMBALL, '92

## DEEP CALM

WHY hasten on? The universe is still,  
Silently throbbing to the mighty Will,  
True to the central laws which hold the suns  
In moving splendor where each orbit runs.

All, all is still, so peaceful, deep and clear,  
Methinks 'tis wrong to waste one life in crowded year;  
To crush one soul 'neath strong ambition's tread,  
Leaving sad flowers, dark garlands for the dead.

Eternal love is ours and heaven is calm;  
Why hurry on? Why spurn the cooling balm  
Which nature fondly showers upon our way,  
Fair tokens of her great and universal day?

DANIEL IRVING GROSS, '02



## THE ISLES OF FANCY

**A**LONG the ribbon of shining sand  
The billows tumble in milky foam,  
And the white froth glistens upon the strand  
Where the wind-swept waters sport and roam.  
And gulls wheel high in the sunny air ;  
And white clouds drift o'er the summer sea ;  
And the fair sails move in the distance where  
The sea and sky together lie  
And the heart of the dreamer fain would be.  
And the south wind whispers of far-off isles ;  
And their spicy fragrance is on its wings  
As it flies o'er the waste of the long blue miles  
And the sunny song from the southland brings.  
The song of the rich, warm tropic land,  
Of life and flowers and crystal springs,  
Of spits where feathery palm trees stand,  
And the happy ease of Hesperides  
Where the dream of youth to the heart still clings.  
And the heart, like the birds and the wind, flies free  
O'er the silver surf of the bounding bar,  
Away to the sunlight beyond the sea  
Where the golden islands of fancy are ;

For the bonds of flesh are weak and vain,  
To fetter longing or bid it stay.  
And bursting the links of its binding chain,  
When youth is long and the heart is strong,  
The soul on its pinions is far away.

GEORGE HINKLEY STOVER, '03

## A WOODLAND ECHO

WITHIN the forest arms, asleep,  
I lay where shadow'd waters ran,  
And lost in mystic dreaming deep,  
I heard the woodland pipes of Pan.

Then one by one the nymphs, fair-haired,  
And twin'd with sunny garlands gay,  
Troop'd forth from unseen caves and shared  
The burden of the Satyr's lay.

And glist'ning bands of those who dwell  
Beneath the bosom of the stream,  
Stole out, o'ercome by music's spell,  
To add their voices to my dream.

The rustling leaves, the waving fern,  
Half hid a Dryad or a Faun ;  
While high in heaven the dim stars burn  
'Mid flush of rosy-fingered Dawn.

The wandering huntress' mellow call  
Awoke the slumbering hills from rest,  
And foot-prints were, 'mid grasses tall,  
Where Venus' snow-white feet had pressed.

The roaming Zephyrs, whispering low  
Of loving gods whose tender care  
Still shielded earth from pain and woe,  
With gentle murm'rings filled the air.

Thus Fancy's sparkling robe was flung  
O'er me in sylvan dreaming wild ;  
The tuneful stars of morn were young,  
And mother earth was yet a child.

HARVEY WATERMAN THAYER, '95

## EVENING BREEZES

**L**O! at the curfew's peal,  
Up from the distant bay,  
Gently the soft winds steal,  
Hushed at the close of day.

Over the meadows wide,  
Down by the noisy rill  
Whispering breezes glide,  
Wrapped in the evening still.

Passing the hilltop high,  
Seeking the forest gray,  
Sadly the night winds sigh,  
Moaning at close of day.

Onward the breezes flee,  
Straying where'er they will,  
Whispering low to me,  
Faint in the evening still.

BURTON MELVILLE CLOUGH, 1900



## SENIORS' LAST CHAPEL

**D**OWN through the vista of the years there comes  
To many a man with toil and care grown gray,  
A recollection from his college life  
The memory of a long-past Ivy Day.

Then, midst the towering walls of sun-baked brick  
And all the clamor of the city streets,  
In reverie he pauses at his work —  
A well-remembered scene his vision meets.

\* \* \* \* \*

The sunlight falls aslant the trees  
On man and maid, on cap and gown ;  
And ancient buildings, ivy-hung,  
In sunny radiance look down.

The pigeons flock the Chapel towers,  
Twin campus warders, gray and old.  
The bell peals out across the elms  
And pointed pine trees, touched with gold.

The throng moves through the arching door,  
In summer's gayest colors dressed ;  
With faces clad in soberness,  
The Seniors enter with the rest.

Ere long the bell is hushed ; no more  
The swelling organ notes are heard ;  
The well-known service is begun  
With reading from the Holy Word.

When anthem and when prayer are done,  
The swinging doors are opened wide,  
And through the Chapel dimness streams  
The glory of the world outside.

Adown the aisle with rhythmic tread  
The Seniors slowly march along.  
With swelling heart and saddened voice  
They sing the old pathetic song :—

*Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And never brought to mind?  
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And days of auld lang syne ?*

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
Though some stand low and some stand high,  
Though some be rich and some be poor,  
And some be early doomed to die ?

To some will fall the victor's crown,  
The honors and the joys of life ;  
But some in sorrow must sink down  
And perish in the world's great strife.

With clasping hand and ringing cheer,  
The college bids to all God-speed,  
That so, through many a later year,  
May auld acquaintance live indeed.

\* \* \* \* \*

Still call the pigeons from the Chapel towers,  
Still shines the campus in the setting sun,  
And still the Seniors say their last farewell  
To Bowdoin's halls, when Ivy Day is done.

And when old memories throng the later years,  
With long lost scenes and voices in their train,  
The Bowdoin man of other days still hears  
The echo of a far-off song again.

*Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And never brought to mind?  
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And days of auld lang syne?*

WILLIAM WITHERLE LAWRENCE, '98











